

BRITAIN'S CREEPIEST COMIC!

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22p



SCREAM!

**REVEALED - THE SEA
BEAST!**



SEE



Available New Zealand \$10.00 (NZD) (GST Inclusive) (NZD)

FROM THE DEPTHS...

FEURRGGH! When I told art ghost Parkhouse to make the 'Sea Beast' as scary as possible... I didn't expect it to make ME jump! And, as if the cover wasn't gruesome enough, the conclusion of the *Library of Death* story, from which it comes, should leave you quaking with fear. Indeed, the Sea Beast itself nearly qualified for a place on my Monsters of the Deep panel, but my underwater art ghost just couldn't hold his breath long enough to draw another creature!

GHOSTLY McNASTY

GHOSTLY FACES!

Still no £50 winner! Your mortal brains seem to be short on inspiration, so here is another clue for you... My hearing is much improved since I had my ears checked.

The stamp on my face printed here won the readers £5. But if you draw my face absolutely right, you'll win £50, plus free tickets for the family to visit Madame Tinseltown (where a likeness of my McNasty face has been placed to ensure fair play). Keep your Ghostly Face entries coming if you want to win that monstrous prize!



From **RACHEL HURLEY**, who lives in Stoke-On-Trent.



By **RICHARD OLIVER**, from Carshalton, Surrey.

McNASTY MAIL!

I've never really considered myself an (ish)lover of 'letters'. But since I've seen the backlogs of post you've been sending in, I've had to revise that opinion. Here's this week's selection... £5 goes to the reader of every letter printed!

Dear Ghostly,
I would like to know if you have any relatives, either on, or under, this earth.
Andrew Carruthers, Tewsworth, Staffs.

Under, definitely! Six feet under! Many surface dwellers are requesting information on the terrible Clan McNasty... no doubt hoping that this will help them draw my McNasty face, so they can win £50! Keep reading SCREAM and the necessary information may be forthcoming!

Dear Ghostly,
Congratulations on your first eight issues. All the stories are thrilling, and the artwork superb. My favourite stories are Dracula File and the Thirtieth Floor.
Harry Roberts, Manmouth, Gwent.

Sound like a cue for me to tell you about the fear-factor ratings so far, based on readers' votes coming into The Depths. Out in front is the Thirtieth Floor - Max hasn't stopped boasting - closely followed by *Monster*. The Dracula File and my Library of Death stories aren't far behind either. Don't forget, when you write to me, or send in a drawing, tell me your two favourite stories.

Dear Ghostly,
Just thought I'd drop you a line to congratulate you on your new, spine-chilling story, The Nightcomers. It left me shaking!

Mark Shepard, Grimsby.
You are not alone in this opinion, mortal. Many others have also written in with their praise for the Nightcomers. Keep reading it - it's due for another fear-factor surge very soon!

Dear Ghostly,
Could you include an information section on horror creatures, such as vampires, werewolves, etc. Perhaps they could build into a series which we could collect.
Michael Walker, Stockport, Cheshire.

I am ever on the look out for usable ideas, and this is one such one. A Fear Fact File could be on the way soon, as soon as I find enough material!

C. My man and I have been having a monster of a time, trying to track down a certain doll. Know who I mean?
Go on, hint a more... I'll soon know.
Brook.



GHOSTLY FACES!



A. I'm supposed to be in control of... Just my change letters to have a mind of its own. Can you guess who I mean? Or has this one scared you?

The three ghostly outlines here are all of characters from SCREAM. Their speech balloons will give you clues to their identities... so who are they? (Answers at foot of page).

B. In my new profession I have to carry the noise of my trade around with me. I'm playing a deadly game, with high stakes!

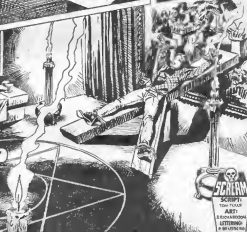


Answer: A) Jerry from *The Thirtieth Floor*. B) *The Dracula File*. C) *Monster*.
Wendy from Glasgow.

SCREAM.
THE DEPTHS
KING'S REACH
TOWER
STAMFORD
STREET
LONDON SE1 8LS

THE GHOST: HUNTING PATENTS OF RICK AND BETH
 AGAIN HAD GONE WHILE INVESTIGATING THE
 MYSTERY OF JAPEN'S MIST: A HOUSE WHICH
 SEEMED POSSESSED BY AN EVIL ENERGY WHILE
 TRYING TO LOCATE THE MALVARIANT "HEART" OF
 THE HOUSE, THE AGGAINS WERE KNOCKED
 UNCONSCIOUS AND THEN

The NIGHTCOMERS



SCREAM
 SCRIPT: TOM TILLY
 ART: B. RICHARDSON
 LETTERING: B. RICHARDSON

A BLIND DATE WAS
SWIFT ASIDE

"YOUR SISTER IS STILL
UNLIVING, MR.
BODAM. FOR THE
MOMENT, THE
CEREMONIAL CHAIRS
SEEM UNTIL SHE IS
FULLY RECOVERED."

I AM TOWN
CUTLER, OWNER
OF RABBIT
MEET?

BOTH BODAM'S VOICE INTERLUPTED
MR. BODAM'S ANGRY CRY!

CEREMONIAL?
WHAT IS THIS?
WHO THE
GLASS ARE
YOU?

YOU HAD OUR
PRESENTS. I
LURED THEM TO
THEIR DEATH!

NO, NO. IT WASN'T JUST
HIM! IT WAS THE... THINGS
THAT HE UNLEASHED
WHICH KILLED NAAM
AND DAD!

SHE... SHE
IS RIGHT!

THIS IS THE ONLY COSE
OF THE HOUSE, BUT IT,
CUTLER? WHERE IS ALL
BODAM? WHERE YOU
STARTED DABBLING IN
DEMONOLOGY?

YES, YES,
CURSE YOU!

MY LIFE WAS... TRAGIC
SAID TO BE A SUCCESSFUL, BUT
I BOUGHT SOMETHING MORE. I
TURNED TO SARACONET, WISEST
OF ALL THE DEMONS. I GRAVED
THE POWER THAT HE AWAKENED
KNOWLEDGE WOULD BE HIS NE!

THE KNOWLEDGE
OF CHAOS AND
DESTRUCTION!

AT FIRST, MY EFFORTS
WENT WITH LITTLE
SUCCESS. THEN, ONE
MORNING, I ATTEMPTED
AN ANCIENT RITUAL...

SARACONET! ARE YOU
THERE, GREAT ONE?
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

I-IT'S
WORKING!

THE SPELL WAS BROKEN BY
MY WIFE COMING, DISTURBING
THE RITUAL...

SARON! WHAT'S
ALL THE NOISE
ON MY WARD?

SHE ACCUSED ME OF
MISDEEDS IN THINGS I
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. THERE
WAS A TERRIBLE SCREAM-A
STRUGGLE! SHE DIED WITH
LIPS... I THIRST FOR BLOOD!
I FIGHT ME...

LAUGHING?

SHE COLLAPSED WITH
ONE OF THE CEREMONIAL
PLUNTERS... IT-IT BEGAN
TO TRICKLE...



AYE EGG!

HE'S DEAD! WAS AN
ACCIDENT. YOU'VE GOT
TO BELIEVE THAT!
SHE SAYS SHE
HASN'T INTERFERED...



YOU FOOL, CUTTING AS LONG AS HE'S
DOWN IS DOWN THAT WELL, HE'S
WILL NEVER REST! I CAN SENSE IT -
FEEL HIS ANGER, HIS REGRET!

I KNOW!
I KNOW...



GOOD THAT I HAD
PREPARED CHANGED INTO A
PLATE OF WORMS!



I DISPOSED OF YOUR REMAINS
AS QUICKLY AS I COULD. I... I HAD
TO CONTINUE MY RITUALS - DON'T
MIND ME!



SHE'S PRESENCE IS EVERY-
WHERE. HER ANGER ACCURSED
FACE SEEMS TO LIVE IN MY
DREAMS!



AFTER HER DEATH, OTHER
THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN.
A SWARM OF HOUSE-
FLIES ATTACKED ME AS I
DROVE!



FROM THAT DAY TO ME IN MY DREAMS, HE WAS
ANGRY BECAUSE MY RITUALS HAD CEASED. HE
DEMANDED REDEMPTION FROM THE UNDERWORLD -
BLOOD, AND SACRIFICE.

IN MORTAL TERROR, I CALLED
AS YOUR PATIENTS. I WISHED THAT
THEY COULD EXERCISE THE
HOUSE, AND MAKE IT OF
BAPHOMET'S CIVIL DISOBEY.



BUT AS YOU KNOW, THEY DIED IN A CAR
CRASH AS THEY FLED FROM BAPHOMET'S
MIST. BAPHOMET AND HIS LEGIONS
WERE TOO STRONG, EVEN FOR THEM.



I WISHED BAPHOMET
WOULD KILL ME THEM,
A SACRIFICE... BUT
HE JUST SEEMS TO
WANT MORE AND MORE!



AND HE GETS TWO
STRONGER ALL THE
TIME, CUTTER
BECAUSE OF YOUR
POOR WIFE!

SOMEWHAT
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, GUY?
SOMEONE'S DEAD!



NO, NO! I WON'T BELIEVE
THAT! THERE'S ONLY ONE
WHO TO GO INSTEAD OF THE
HOUSE OF BAPHOMET! FIRST
YOU, AND THEN
YOUR BROTHER...

YES, BUT HIS
SERVANTS' SPIRIT
IS ACTING AS A
KIND OF POWER-
CONDUCTOR,
WHICH THE
DEVILS ARE USING
TO CROSS OVER
INTO OUR
WORLD!



THE BLOOD
OF THE GODS
SMELL AND MAKE
BAPHOMET!



SEA BEAST!

Part Two



IT-IT LOOKS TO BE SOME MID-SCHOOL VETERAN COLLECTOR OF OLD CRYPTIDS... ALL IN ONE HUMANOID FORM!

IN A NITIDUS ATOMICAL EXPOSITIVE AMBUSH...
MUTATED, WITH SEA PARTS, AND
CRIMINALY REA-
GALACTICATED INTO
MUTATED...
THE...
"SEA-BEAST"!

NOW... ON A DARNED!
BLANCH... INSTRUCTED COIL
AND PROCEEDING SLOWS
FACED THE CREATURE...

DOGS... WH-WHAT
IS THAT
THING?!

REVISOR RONG A
REVISOR IN REPO-
ACTIVITY, WAS PART OF
A TEAM OF EXPERTS
WANTED TO CLEAR
THE ROLLER STREET
OF SEA

WELL, WHATEVER
IT IS... IT'S KILLED
THE PEOPLE SO
FAR... IT'S GOT
TO DIE!

AS IF GEARING, COILS
TURNED, THE CREATURE
TURNED TO FACE HIM...

BLAM
BLAM

THE SMALLEST
BOMBUS
MUTATED-SHLY
ON THE
CREATURE'S
ARMOR-LIKE
BODY...

OH, NO!
THE SMALLEST...
THEY'RE
NOT
STOPPING
IT!

THE CREATURE'S BARE
PINCER CLOSED AROUND
COIL'S GUN HAND...

AARRGH!



WELL, THAT'S
WHAT -- AND I'LL
JUST DUMP
IT IN ANY--

IN A SENSE IT'S
AS EASY AS THAT. THE
DISPERSAL AGENT IS
LESS DENSE THAN WATER
IF WE SIMPLY POSE IT IN, IT
WOULD FLOAT ON THE SUR-
FACE, HAVING NO EFFECT
ON DEEPER WATER.



WELL, I WOULD
VOLUNTEER -- BUT
I CAN'T LIVE WITH
THIS AREA!

RIGHT, SO WHERE
ARE WE GOING TO
FIND SOMEONE
WILLING TO GO
DOWN -- WITH THAT
CREATURE
THESE?



I HAD
TO ASK?



LIVING, AS BOSS
DISCERNED INTO
THE MURKY DEPTHS...



THAT'S A
GREAT
OCCASION!



SCREAM
SCRIPT
GARY KAPLAN
ART
JOHN ROSS
LETTERING
BY KYLE

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THE POSE WAS NOT ALLOWED.

WITH QUICK SWIFTNESS
THE CREATURE SWAM
TOWARDS HIM...



BUT BEFORE IT COULD
STRIKE, SOME SMTH SENSE
ALERTED BOSS...

OH - HELLO?
THE
CREATURE!



UNGGH!



IT'S GOT ME!
EVEN IF THOSE
CLAWS DON'T KILL
ME, MY TUMB IN
THIS SUIT AND
THE REACTION
WILL FINISH ME
OFF!

WHAT'S THAT?
THE CREATURE!
JUST ONE
CHANCE...



CHOW
ON THIS!

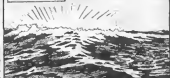




THE AGENT!
IT'S WOOLING ON
THE CREATURE



WELL...NOT QUITE...



I COULDN'T MIGHT MIGHT!
M-MUM, I'VE SWALLOWED
SOME WATER!



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU NOT TO
PUT YOUR HANDS
UNDER? YOU
NEVER KNOW
WHAT MIGHT
BE IN THE
WATER!



WE GOT
OUR LUCKY
THIS TIME...

I HATE TO THINK
MARY WOULD BEING
POLLUTED BY THE
POLLUTION AND
COME INTO CONTACT
WITH A HUMAN
BEING!

Our next chapter:
out of the fog!

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++ YOUR PAL MAX HERE:
THE BUILDING COMPUTER
OVER AT MAXWELL
TOWER CAN'T STOP TO
CHAT - AS YOU'LL SEE, IVE
A PROBLEM++

++ A NASTY LITTLE YOUTH ON MY WEST SIDE WAS
DRAWING GRAPPHI ALL OVER MY WALL++

CHEEZY
WOZ ERE

++ THIS DESECRATION HAD TO BE
STOPPED! HAVING NO CONTROL
OVER WHAT HAPPENS OUTSIDE, I
HAD NO OPTION BUT TO ENLIST THE
AID OF BERT BUNCH, MY
UNWITTING HELPER IN
APARTMENT 12C++

EXCUSE
ME, BERT

YEAH,
WHAT
IS IT,
MAX?

THE QUICK BROWN BUNCH
JUMPED OVER THE LAZY
MAX

++ I HAD IMAGINED
A CODE PHRASE IN
BERT'S MIND, I ONLY
HAD TO SAY IT,
AND... ++

I...
WILL...
OBEY!

++ I SENT THE HYPNOTIZED
BERT OUTSIDE++

CHEEZY
IZ ACE

COME! MAX
WANTS A
WORD WITH
YOU.

HEY!
LEAVE
GO!

YOUNG MAN, YOU HAVE DEFACED MY WALLS.
GET THE NECESSARY CLEANING MATERIALS
FROM MY STORES, AND REMOVE YOUR
UNSIGHTLY SCRAM IMMEDIATELY!

LEAVE IT
OUT! WHY
SHOULD I?

SCREEN
SCRIPT:
IAN HOLLAND
ART:
DITTE LUTHELM
M. PETERS

YOU WILL DO IT
BECAUSE I AM
TELLING YOU.

GET
LOST,
TIM -
HEAD!

VERY WELL!
BUT - YOU
MAY RETURN
TO YOUR
LUNCH, LIKE
THE STAIRS.

I WILL
DEAL
WITH
AARSTER
CHEEZY,
HERE.

HEY! THE
LIFT'S CLOSED!
WE'RE GOING
UP! WHAT'S -
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

YOU HAVE REFUSED TO
COMPLY WITH MY REASON-
ABLE REQUEST. I'M AFRAID
IT IS NECESSARY TO TEACH
YOU A LESSON.

THIRTEENTH
FLOOR
EVERYBODY
OUT!

CRIPES!
WE'RE
MAILED
UP...
AND
I'M
OVER-
BALANCING...

G-GOTTA
GRAB HOLD-
UUM!

WE'VE
CAUGHT
AARSTER
CHEEZY!

W-WHERE
AM I?

YOUNG MASTER CHEEZY ENJOYED SCRAWLING GRAFFITI! SO MUCH, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM THE CHANCE TO HAVE HIS NAME ON ONE OF THE GREATEST BUILDINGS OF ALL!!

YOU'RE ON THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

THE EMPIRE STATE? TH-THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

OH, BUT IT IS ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN ON ANY THIRTEENTH FLOOR.

LEMAAE GO! GET ME OUTA HERE!

WHAT? BUT CHEEZY, THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME! YOUR CHANCE TO SCRAWL YOUR NAME ON THE MOST FAMOUS SKYSCRAPER OF ALL!

NOW GET YOUR CAN OUT AND SCRAWL YOUR NAME. I'LL LET YOU OUT OF THIS AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED!



OH CRIPES! ALL RIGHT - I'LL TRY!

E-H-OH CRIPES! CAN'T GO NO FURTHER! I'LL HAVE TO SWING TO THE NEXT WINDOW LEDGE!

CHE

-E-

OH, NO! I'M SLIPPING! I'M GONNA...

POOOO

DUNNNNN! I-LINDED ON A FLAG POLE.



SCREAM
 SCRIPT: E. HUNTER
 ART: J. WATSON
 LETTERING: RANISHTY

GOOD DAY ONE AN' ALL! BACK TO
 YOU ANOTHER O' THE LEPPERS'
 TERRIBLE TALES O' THE DEAD.
 ARE HE? WELL, I'VE GOT A
 GROSSOUT BUNCH AS FOR
 SELVES ARE JUST BORNIN'
 TO TELL A REALY NASTY
 STORY...

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

The man they called...
DOCTOR DEATH!
 part one

SO BE IT! LET ME TELL
 YOU ABOUT A YOUNG DOCTOR,
 BY THE NAME O' PHILLIPPA,
 WHO NO DOUBT ENDED UP IN THE
 FLAMES O' HELL FOR WHATTY DO!

BUT THE STORY STARTS WITH
 THE TALE O' A COACHMAN,
 NAMED WINLOCK...

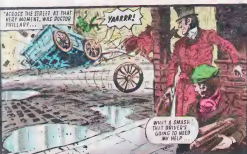
GET GOING THERE,
 YOU SHAKERS! I
 NEED TO MAKE
 THIS DELIVERY
 BEFORE NIGHT-FALL!

ALWAYS A MAN IN A
 HURRY, WERE WIN-
 LOCK

BUT THAT DAY, WITH AN
 LUMPY LOAD, HE WERE WANTING
 TO GO TOO FAST FOR
 HIS O' WAGON...

...CRASH!

LOOM! THE
 WHEELS SNAP!
 GEE! HE'S
 GOING TO...



A FEW HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE LAB, PHILLARY WERE STILL BUSY WITH THE MISSED OPPORTUNITY.

HOW REGRETTABLE I'VE PROTECTED MY TECHNOLOGY, AND ALL I'VE GOT WAS THAT ARM TO HELP ME. PERHAPS IT ALL WAS SPENDING THE HAD TO ONLY HAVE BEEN OLD OR NEAR, EXCEPT FOR...

...YES! EXCEPT FOR JOHANNESSEN'S ARM, HE LEFT HIS BODY TO SCIENCE AND NOW SCIENCE NEARLY BENEFITED...



"I HAD BEEN DEAD TWO DAYS WHEN I RECEIVED THE ARM..."

"I IMMEDIATELY PLACED IT IN THE TANK AND SWITCHED ON."

"WITHIN SECONDS, I HAD BROUGHT IT BACK TO LIFE."

"...IT GREW STRONGER AND STRONGER..."

"...IT GROWED UNTIL IT DIED AGAIN!"



"THE NEXT EVENING, THE DOC WENT LOOKING FOR SOME 'LIVING' SLIP."



BUT NOW I HAVE CORRECTED THE FAULT, I MUST TRY AGAIN! I MUST FIND THAT DOCTOR'S ARM!

IT'S A CRIMINAL ROAD I'M TAKING, BUT IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF SCIENCE — AND ALL HAILING! ALL THOSE ARE THE TWO...



MR. FOG AND MR. HOFFMAN, DON'T LET MY NAME BE PHILLARY. I AM LOOKING FOR A COUPLE OF LADS TO WORK SOME EXTRA HOURS...



EXTRA HOURS IN A LAB — BEYOND OF THE DEAD!



Next instalment: 'Doctor Death' earns his name...

Dumb Animals



AT FOSTER'S HOME



ROSTER BLATED INTO DEADLY ACTION.



monster

YOUNG JENNY COLEMAN AND HIS HOUSEBOYS
UNDER TREARY WERE ON THE BUS FROM THE
POLICE NOW ON A REMOTE SCOTTISH ROAD...



SCREAM
SCRIPT: RICK CLARK
ART: REDONDO
LETTERING: PHILIP BROWN





SAAAAD! AAAA!
SAAAAD!

WHEAT AHEAD!
THE STEADFAST
OF HIM!



WAAA! NO!
S-GOING
OVER THE
EDGE!



TESSA
WINNIN!



WAAA! TESSA!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE NOW?



WAAA! YOU
RESCUED!



WAAA! TESSA! WHAT'S
THE POINT IN GOING
ON WITH OUR
POLARIS? WHAT YOU
HELP DOING THINGS
LIKE THAT?

BUT TESSA
SARD, WE'VE ALREADY
WILL - KILL!

BUT I TOLD
YOU - NO MORE
BULLSHIT!



SARD, WE'VE ALREADY
FORGET!



FRIENDS and NEIGHBOURS





SENGH, 1904. DRACULA, THE LEGENDARY VAMPIRE FROM EASTERN EUROPE, HAD LEARNED OF COLONEL CLARKE, A WOULD-BE VAMPIRE HUNTER. NOW, HIS THOUGHTS TURNED TO TRANSYLVANIA IN 1902, AND TO ANOTHER MAN WHO HAD HUNTED HIM...

"THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT ALERTED ME THAT I HAD GUESTS SEE INSTEAD OF ORDERING THEM TO ATTACK, I TOLD THEM TO LET THE CARRIAGE PASS. IN SOME BIZARRE WAY, GRAVED COMPANY" THAT NIGHT...



SCREAM
SCRIPT: SAM FURMAN
ART: ERIC BRANNON
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH

ALEXANDER QUINN: I GUARD MYSELF FOR NOT REALIZING AT ONCE, THE VERY REAL THREAT HE POSED? HE WAS JUST A MORTAL, IT'S TRUE, YET HE WAS ABLE TO CHALLENGE ME, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!

AT LAST, CASTLE DRACULA HEARD... IT SEEMS WE MUST CONFRONT THE VAMPIRE WHEN HE IS AT HIS MOST DANGEROUS - AT NIGHT!



WE MUST CULL THE CREATURE INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY. YOU MUST PLAY THE PART OF MY SERVANT, CARL.



THE DRACULA FILE

MY VISITORS HAVE ARRIVED!

AH, PEEVES. WE HAVE GUESTS...

SHOULD I MAKE THEM, OR... WELCOME?



YES. I AM BORED - I SEEK AMUSEMENT. BRING THEM TO ME...



AND TO...

SIR, MAY I PRESENT MISTER ALEXANDER GUNN AND HIS SERVANT, CARL.

I AM COUNT DRACULA... I DID YOU WELCOME TO MY HOME!

REVERES, NO DOUBT MISTER GUNN IS HUNGRY - PREPARE HIM SOME FOOD AND SEE HIS SERVANT TO HIS ROOM...

CARL WAS TAKEN TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS...



AH, THE HUMAN'S CLODDISH SERVANT ARRIVES... HE SEEMS REST!

AND ALL HE SHALL FIND IS DEATH!

SOON...

IT SEEMS STRANGE TO FIND AN ENGLISH BUTLER IN THE WILDS OF TRANSYLVANIA...



REVERES WAS A REMINDER OF MY LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND SUCH A QUAINT PLACE!

OUR MASTER HAS DECREED THAT YOU MUST DYE!



HOW KIND OF HEAM TO LET US BE THE ONES TO CARRY OUT THY ORDER!

QUAINT! YOU DESTROYED EVERYTHING QUAINT IN MY LIFE! YOU KILLED EVERYTHING I HELD DEAR - FOR THAT, I WILL KILL YOU!



PREPARE TO D-MUNNCH!



YOU ARE STRONG, CLOD. IT TAKES INCREDIBLE STRENGTH TO DEFEAT THE UNDEAD... BUT YOUR MIGHT WILL AVAL YOU WITHIN AGAINST GOLD, DEADLY STEEL!

